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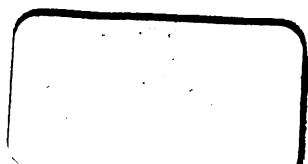
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SONGS OF DISCONTENT

By an Optimist

**Foreword of a MOVEMENT to create
A NEW CIVILIZATION that will
Solve the Labor Problem and bring to
Earth the Long-Dreamed-of
MILLENNIUM**

Ft. Madison, Iowa
ARAGAIN PUBLISHING CO.

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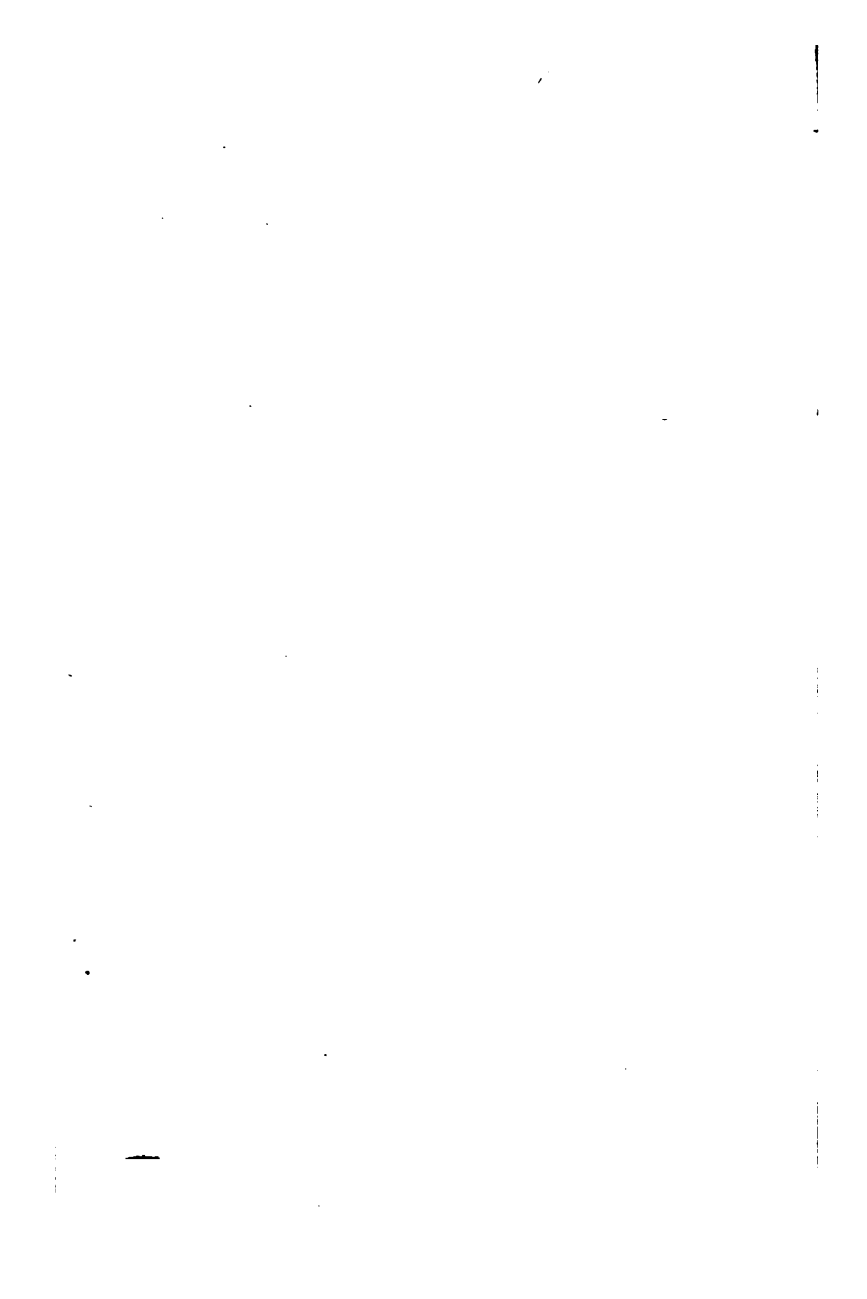
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If you want to know whether a book is worth while, read its Preface.

PROEM.

Discontent may be our stepping-stone to Paradise Regained. It may be the stimulus that will lead us to seek better conditions. Though composing "Songs of Discontent," the writer is most optimistic—for he believes the Millennium is actually coming; not in the distant future but in the next few years, in your life time, in his own; that its benefits will begin to be realized within a very few years.

This Millennium will not be "the lion and the lamb" variety; it will be one wherein all men will become workers, but at work lightened, enlightened and dignified. Machinery and Invention will work for mankind, and not, as now, for the Capitalist. There will be no poverty and no excessive wealth; but comfort, plenty, peace and a serenity of life and soul for all, that we know nothing of now.

As intimated in our "Songs of Discontent,"

a plan has been devised to bring about this seemingly impossible condition for humanity. It is the result of more than twenty-four years of very special thought and study; the effort being to make it practical, capable of realization. Its purpose is to revolutionize our present form of civilization, but to do it peacefully; to substitute intelligent, educated co-operation for our present selfish, death-dealing, life-withering, soul-killing, competition. Then, when it is possible, when we shall have shed our serpent skins, and come into a new and better environment, wherein selfishness will not be necessary to very existence, our Human Natures will change, will progress, and it will be as easy to do right and be generous and brotherly to all mankind as now it is difficult and impossible.

You cannot fully realize what our proposition means until you have studied our plans and understand our methods and the remarkable changes in our very natures that will result. This you cannot do, competently, with only this short preface before you. It is intended only as a foreword to call your attention to the subject.

Our present civilization is on a **radically wrong basis: selfishness**. For ten thousand years we have been breeding selfishness; until today it has become so accentuated that we are deluged with the seemingly endless and unsolvable problems of existence and government.

Selfishness is the worst of all qualities, the Hag-Mother of nearly all crime, fraud and disorder. It creates want, suffering, ill-health, unhappiness, envy and discontent in private life, and weakness and decay in national existence. It leads aggressive nations to war. It gives us corrupt judges and officials. It creates poverty and then robs the poor. It makes us all, opportunity offered, big or little grafters, as the case may be. Real Christianity is not possible, and does not exist, except in the imagination, under our present form of "civilization."

If we could once get upon a right basis all these evils—our mantle of many interwoven troubles—would fall from us and wholly disappear, so easily that we would wonder why such a simple remedy had not been thought of before.

But the Remedy, though simple, must be radical. It must go to the root of the trouble. The question of wages and hours, of the right to organize and control work, and all such contentions, touch only the surface of our troubles, or increase them. What we want is a CURE for the serious disease that is eating our very vitals. **The whole wage system must be abolished. Competition must be killed. The creating causes of selfishness must be forever destroyed.** To do all this may seem impossible—but it is not. In fact, get on the right tack and it is easy. The Writer has discovered **A REMEDY** that is both sim-

ple and practical; one that will do everything above suggested.

It is practical, because it can start with small units, which have the power to grow and prove their own merit. This will lead to the multiplication and growth of such units, until, ultimately, all business and industry will become self-converted to the new system. One strong feature of our plan is the fact that no favoring majority or even a large minority of the people is necessary for a successful beginning. A few earnest men could make the start. In fact, one man of comparatively moderate wealth, as wealth is counted nowadays, could finance the movement on such a basis that it could easily achieve its own success—for it has inherent in it, once it is fairly started, the methods and power to finance its own salvation.

Or the many, the very poor, if they would combine, could bring about this tremendous reform for their own benefit. Rockefeller and all his millions, even the combined power of all the millions of Wall Street, could not defeat it; would be unable to compete with it; would be unable to retard its onward march. Its consummation will be the Millennium of which we have spoken.

Very briefly outlined, too briefly to be really convincing, the plan is to build a great manufacturing city near Niagara Falls, secure one of the existing franchises, (or power from one of them,) to demonstrate the merit

of our plans, and then, having done so, having proved the practicability of our movement for the emancipation of MANKIND; secure the right to develop, and then develop, unit by unit, as needed, the entire force of the Niagara River, over 9,000,000 horse power. Its value, at the very low net rate of five dollars a year per horse power, would amount to over \$45,000,000 a year. On a five per cent interest basis, it would represent a capital of \$900,000,000. Properly utilized to lift the burdens of mankind, how great would be its power, how wonderful its mission? For such a purpose, for the good of humanity, there would be no opposition to its utilization. Laws and treaties now in force, now made, would be unmade, for so great a cause.

The money to be realized from the sale of power and city lots, amounting to many millions annually, will be utilized to finance the Workers of our country into co-operation, beginning the Revolution in our own city. As a first step, there will be built a great manufacturing city near the Falls, as soon as possible, and in it, there will be established a University, with three principal sub-colleges or schools: (1) An Industrial School, supplementing its technical teaching with a required daily service in the factories of the city, to thus produce the best possible practical artisans, (2) A School of Co-operation, to teach the principles of successful co-operation as proved practical by the Rochdale

System in Great Britain, and (3) A School of Ethics, to educate all co-operators to the idea that the highest ideal ethics in business will accomplish the best results for the individual and for Society, and that such ideals are necessary to the success of co-operation and the establishment of a better and more satisfying civilization.

Having established this University, the Trust, charged with the management of this great movement, will offer: (1) To build and equip factories and stores for the benefit and use of its graduates who have thus qualified themselves, and (2) To furnish them the use of all necessary money with which to conduct the business; all at a low rate of interest, which will form a fund to finance other workers into the movement and thus the workers will be helping to lift themselves.

THE TITLE to the factories and stores thus financed, and to their business, will be reserved to the Promoting Trust, so that if any factory or store is not carried on Co-operatively and successfully, or if any workman or clique of members in any factory or store should try to "freeze out" any of their associates, to acquire the business for their own benefit, the Promoting Trust can turn the rascals out and give the opportunity to others who may be both qualified and honest. This feature of our plan cuts out all possibility of graft or dishonesty of one workman towards another, that would look to the

wrecking of the business or to its absorption by one or more overly ambitious and cunning members.

At first, few will take advantage of our offer. There will be the Doubting Thomases, the suspicious ones, the lazy, indifferent, the self-satisfied and "wise" ones, and many other classes. But there are always a few who can see and will accept an offered advantage. They will constitute the opening wedge of our movement. They will be educated and qualified. Factories and stores will be built for them and working capital will be provided. Subject to the stated conditions, they will manage and control the business as if it was their own. They will get wages and all the profits. Judging by the achievements of the Rochdale System of Co-operation, under more favoring conditions, they will be very successful. They will work fewer hours, be better educated, better clothed, better housed and more highly esteemed than their un-co-operative fellow-workers under the Competitive System. Seeing this, and soon realizing that it is not a case of graft or ulterior motives, others will then want these advantages. First a few, then by hundreds or thousands, and finally by tens of thousands, they will seek the education that alone can open the portal of co-operation to them.

Proving our principles practical and successful at Niagara, under most favoring conditions, other co-operative towns, under the

same management, will be established in different parts of the country. Financed and doing better for themselves in these towns under co-operation than is possible when working for the profit of some one else, all workers will ultimately, and yet with great rapidity, embrace co-operation, under our system. Aided by our help in financing them, they will be able to do so. Then the Capitalistic Employer of human flesh and blood for his own personal profit will be unable to operate longer. He will have to withdraw from industry as an employer—selling out to the Co-operators, or lose all. The Labor War will thus be ended, peacefully and happily for all mankind, without turmoil or bloodshed.

What money the Capitalist has made, he can retain; and this is better for him than confiscation or civil war; better than the rise to political power of unprepared militant labor, that might not "respect" his "rights" to property. Under our plan, the loss to him would be that he could no more use the labor of others to acquire wealth for himself; the age of the taskmaster would be ended forever. For these reasons, our movement should appeal to the wealthy as well as to the masses, whom it will so greatly uplift and bless. For the wealthy, it is far the lesser of two evils; the other one means chaos and destruction. When we look below the surface, all classes will be benefitted by OUR REMEDY.

The Writer has several manuscript books on this subject. One of them, entitled "THE REMEDY," is explanatory of our propositions and argumentative. Another, entitled "THE REJUVENATION OF PITTSBURG," is a novel, dated 1950, describing how our proposed reform has been put into operation and the astonishing changes, even in our Human Natures, that are said to have resulted; and the "how" and "why" of it.

If sufficient interest in these subjects is manifested by those into whose hands this little booklet may fall, the Writer will gladly publish these manuscripts. The profits from their sale will help to supply initial money for the institution of our Movement. Once fairly started, it will achieve its own success.

If you are A HUMAN BEING, you will be interested in this great subject. And if so, the writer would like to hear from you, by mail. He may not be able to answer all inquiries, but by letters or circulars he will try to do so and keep you posted on any progress made. Alone, he can do little, but with the co-operation of others, WE can revolutionize society and make this old world of ours fit for Human Beings to live in. You are invited to join the "Do Something Club," and get others to join, and then all together WE WILL DO SOMETHING.

The Author.

Feb. 1st, 1911.

I WORK FOR WAGE.

I work for wage,
Enough to keep in me
The breath of life; I see
No hope for my old age;
For though I've fought to rise,
I have not won the prize;
I've poverty and age;
And should I live to be
A hundred years, I see
I still must work for wage.

I work for wage,
That Master's carriage may
Roll by me bright and gay,
While I drudge on—and rage.
HIS wife, now free from care,
May silks and purple wear,
In gaudy, gilded cage.

I work for wage;
But men may rise some day,
To break from chains away,
With horrors none can gauge;

Then torch and Hell will come
When men no longer dumb
Shall rise and strike in rage.

I work for wage;
But there must come reform,
Or Revolution's morn
Will blot our history's page.
I, longing, hope for peace,
That wrongs, to men, will cease,
That Right will griefs assuage.

I work for wage.
Fair Reason ought, some day,
To find a BETTER WAY
Than force and hate and rage.
There is a way to free
Men from their misery;
Small money turns the page.
Oh Rich Man, you can say
If peace or bloody way
Shall be the battle's gage.
What glory it would be
To free Humanity,
Win Immortality;
What do you say?

I work for wage;
And yet I hope to see
Our work-slaves all set free,
Returned, the Golden Age;
Life's struggle then will cease
Men's hearts be filled with peace;

Each then will bear his share
At hours of toil and care;
The world to all
Will then be just and fair,
All troubles end,
And Paradise to earth,
Will once again descend.

THE DREAMS THAT COME TRUE.

From the beginning of time, every great forward step for Humanity, has been the result of some Dreamer's dream. Stephenson, Fulton, Columbus, Budda, Christ, McCormick, Bell and the Wrights have all been dreamers. The realization, very often, has far exceeded the wildest flights of the Dreamer's imagination. The real, vital, uplifting dreams of men have all come true. The results are termed Progress; but the dreamers, in their day, were usually derided by the "wise" and otherwise ones of the earthy earth.

May it not even prove so with our great "dream"?—which, if successful, will be the

greatest forward movement Mankind has ever made.

Can civilization last,
Where hoarded piles of gold
Mark Ambition's aim;
Where life and health are sold,
And happiness, for love of gain,
For what is termed "The Practical"?

Decadent are the days
When Honor is not prized;
A nation ever sinks and sinks,
When Ideals are not realized;
The only thing that's Practical
Is the uplifting Dreamer's dream.
Then let us dream and dream,
To realize the dream.

For Dreams, sometimes, come true;
Then why not this one great,
That points to realms of happiness,
And opens to us heaven's gate;
'Twill lead us from all Earth-born woe
If we'll but try to vitalize it so,
Before, forever, it's too late.
Then,
Fear not the Dream, howe'er so great.

OUR BLESSED COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

They say
There is room at the top,
And you should not complain
If, therefore,
In the background
You remain;
"It is your folly"
Or "your fault"
Or "your lack of worth"
If you do not rise.
But does that explain
The trouble and toil that remain,
Or lessen their inconvenience
Or their pain?

Only the few can climb
To heights sublime,
To fields elysian;
The bulk of mortals therefore
Must remain
Hewers of wood,
Handlers of the tool,
Tillers of the soil,
Teachers in the school.

Does it make our system right
Because there is room at the top,
To which so many cannot rise?
There is room at the top,
But only for the few;
All others must remain,
Though not content,
More near the base
Of the great pyramid of life.

And the great common people,
Doing the necessary work of the world,
Should their lives be so hard?
The work-horse
From his master oft receives
The best of care;
But who thinks for the human bees
That feed and clothe mankind
And make life fair
For those who reach the top,
Many of whom
Have risen
On the crushed souls of men;
Others, rich thieves,
With their money,
Have been able
To keep themselves
Outside the "pen,"
Adored of women,
Praised by men.
And those,
Who must labor,

How many seek
But do not find
The work they need
On which to live?
How many too,
That have the work to do,
In fear must speed,
Else they will lose
Their job?
And thus each day
They wear their lives away
Until in middle age*
Their weary clay
A wage can earn no more;
Then like to wrecks,
They're cast away
Upon the sea of life,
Like hulks upon the shore,
To rot for many a year,
Then finally to disappear—
Into the grave.

*Most employers nowadays will not consider an application for work from a person over 35 years old; while factory machinery wears out its attendants by the time they are 40 or 45; then they are dropped from employment. Under such conditions, what is to become of the workers, many of them heads of families? Can you wonder at Race Suicide under such conditions? Under our proposed new civilization all this will be impossible. Avarice will not be permitted to close the "doors of opportunity" to anyone.

A part of the new system will be the creation of Old Age Pensions for all over 60 years, so that this period of life will be one of wisdom and comfort—and not, as now, "a horror" for so many.

How fierce the struggle is;
How hard
To get the chance to live,
Amid the competition
Of the strenuous
Struggling world,
That tasks the workers
To the limit of their power,
Oft cheating them in pay;
Then money sets the pace
In factory, mine and store
And drives the poorer from the race
Depressed in soul,
Bankrupt, heartbroken.

Even the widow,
Struggling for her brood,
Wherever she may turn
To keep the wolf from howling at her door,
Meets competition stern,
Must struggle more and more.

The homeless, educated wretch,
Son of the dead,
Or unfortunate rich,
Not taught to work when young,
And hence without a trade,
(May be, some day, your son,)
Seeks work from door to door,
And finding none
He loses heart
And starves;
Then turns to drink and crime,

Sinks lower still and lower,
A soul cast down,
And sinned against,
That might have risen higher.

The man of middle age,
In prime of life,
Who's worked for twenty years or more
In office, factory, mill or store,
Is told:
"We need you now no more,
A younger, cheaper man
Will take your place;"
Then into the great world cold
He goes,
Seeking the work
His growing family needs;
But he is told,
"You are too old."
Thus stranded high,
He's left to die,
Though competent is he
To earn a living easily;
But Profit-Seeking Avarice
Shuts the door
Of opportunity.

The printer with his ever-ready "rule,"
From town to town will chase,
But competition's everywhere,
And he can get no "case."

There's no work to be found,
The mills are closing down,
The workman idles round
And drinks to drown his sorrow;
His family starves,
The landlord storms,
Then out they go
Into the winter's snow,
And lower then and lower,
In tenement houses vile
They sink awhile
Then soon reach pauperdom.

The mines shut down,
Or work short time,
Giving the wage, starvation;
The child leaves school,
To work's the rule,
And downward all men go,
Sinking all that's good,
In our nation.

Then when better times come,
With more work for some,
Wages are held at their ebb;
And suffering still,
Some families ill,
The strike is declared
To increase the day-ration;
Then comes suffering more,
Love flies out the door,
And life is a living damnation.

BLAME NOT THE DRINKER.

Do you not pity
The white-slave,
As he goes to his "home" in the city;
He has worked all day
In the sun's hot glow,
Till his life is most gone;
Then weary and slow
He plods to his hovel and wife,
A wretch on the unceasing
Treadmill of life.

His home is a hole
That you would not step in,
For fear it would soil your fine linen and
silks;
It has smells, it has ills,
It is hot and gives chills,
It is troubled with vermin and mice;
The wife at the door,
With a kiddie or more,
Doesn't look rested or nice.

The light and the joy,
Where no ills annoy,
Gilded and brilliant as day,
Helped and supported by law,
Lie just 'round the corner away;
There, his wife cannot scold,
Or he shiver with cold,
Or think of his trouble or pay;
A few mugs of beer,
With music to cheer,
And heaven throws open its door
To the wrecks of mankind
Who know but the grind
Of a life that is sordid and sore.

Then why blame the drinker,
By his life led astray,
Hope he has none, and no joy,
Nothing to lead him away
From the cup that will,
Part of the day,
Make him a lord—
A human in clay—
Forgetful of things that annoy.

CIVILIZATION—MORE COLD THAN THE ARCTIC.

Under the laws of the United States, the time when mining claims become open to relocation for the non-performance of the "annual labor" required by law is just after midnight of December 31st. Many prospectors in Alaska, to secure coveted locations, start for them days or hours ahead of that time, as the distance to the claim or claims may require, to reach them by midnight when the forfeiture takes place.

December 31st, 1900, was a fine warm day in the Nome, Aaska, country; and many started to relocate what they hoped would prove "homestakes" for themselves and their anxious, waiting ones "on the outside." With the suddenness of Arctic storms, (where even the barometer is not reliable), in the darkness of the Arctic night, a terrible blizzard arose and much suffering resulted. Every winter the white-death, by freezing, levies its tribute on the hardy men who take their lives in their hands on the trail. And maimed and crippled mortals, often with both legs gone, are all too plentiful in the Northland and its adjacent regions.

One would think that Congress would fix some better time than midnight in the heart of a stormy Arctic winter for forfeitures. In many instances, our present law amounts to a premium on suicide. But who cares? Alaska is 4,000 miles from Washington and has no votes in Congress to traffic with in the unseemly scramble for special legislation (for localities, favored individuals or corporations), that marks and disgraces our so-called civilization.

* * * * *

Alaska's mountains, mirrored in the sea,
Her somber forest-covered hills and isles,
Her glaciers, creeping on her coasts for miles,
Of peace and gold, speak luringly to me.

The winter sun smiles on her peaks sublime,
Their virgin whiteness kissed a rosy glow,
Health-giving zephyrs 'round about me blow,
And night descends within a wintry clime.

But changeful as a heartless beauty's smile
Her winter loveliness is quickly passed,
The black and raging Storm King's blinding
blast
A requiem o'er the dead will sing a while.

**"Storm King, do you not know that struggling
man**

**Is risking life, determined he will gain,
In spite of blast and fearful numbing pain,
'Homestake' for wife and children, if he can?**

**"Have you no pity for the tortured soul
That's breathing hard and fighting to the last,
Broken and worn with efforts of the past,
That he may finally attain his goal?"**

**To this, the howling Storm King did reply:
"What thought of pity for this man have you,
Maintaining and supporting as you do
A scheme of life that's colder far than I.**

**"You are alone the one to blame, not I;
I merely seek to end his many woes,
Caressing him in softest fleecy snows,
While you would drive him on, with toil, to
die.**

**"Why then prolong his hopes and miseries;
He can but die at last. His barren life
Knows naught of joy. His children and his wife
He scarce can keep alive, and hence he grieves.**

"With home and all behind, he hopes to gain,
At risk of life, some comforts that they need;
He rushes on in blinding storm, no heed
Of toil, of weary limb, or numbing pain.

"God made the warm world good for mortal
man;
Men's arts and wiles have made it certain hell,
That's driving men and women, too, as well,
To cold and cheerless, barren Arctic land.

"I, then, more pity have for this torn one
Than you and all your kind, who strive to rise
Upon his toil and very blood, and only prize
His labors marked by rise and set of sun.

"For I would end his hopeless, joyless task,
And fold him to my bosom to remain
At endless rest, surceased of all his pain,
For evermore, among the dead at last."

**COMPETITION—SELFISH AMBITION—
WANT.**

—The Devil's Trinity.—

Competition,
They say,
Is a good thing;
Likewise selfish ambition;
That without their stimulus,
And the struggle for existence,
Men would not rise
To altitudes sublime,
Or climb
To heights of achievement.

Is it true?
Is the love of gain,
The love of wealth,
Or of power,
Oft ignoble,
O'er your fellow men,
The highest motives
In the human breast?
Or the ones
Most productive
Of noble deeds?

Or is the want compelling
Struggle for existence
Most capable of glorious ends?

It is true that want,
And life impelling necessity
Have led to achievements;
And that ambition,
Howe'er ignoble,
Has oft helped
Mankind to rise.
Even the wicked wars
Of our semi-barbarous
"Civilized" states
Have helped to civilize;
Some good is found
In the most barren ground.

But that such are the only,
Or the greatest motives,
Or indispensable ones,
I deny.
What thought of self,
Avarice or ambition,
Led Christ in His grand mission;
And how many earnest souls
Have trailed behind
Seeking only the welfare of mankind?
Greater are these
Than the conquerors of men,
Or the accumulators of great hoards
Of "mischievous gold."

And the silent heroes of the world,
Whose names, untold,
Are recorded on no page,
Embossed on no stone,
And the mothers of our land,
Whose patient deeds of love
Have made possible
Each improving generation,
Have done more
To lift mankind
Than all the so-called
Heroes of the past,
Than all the rulers of mankind,
Than all the hustlers after fame,
Or sordid wealth,
Or name.

What ignoble motive
Held a Darwin to his task?
What competition led the way
To Herschel's
Nightly vigil with the stars?
What selfish aims
Urge thousands,
Seeking after truth,
Who fill our schools
And places of research?
'Tis the ignoble few,
Or unfortunate many,
Who feel compelled
By selfishness or want
To tax humanity
For any great discovery.

If life were not so full
Of uncertainty and fear,
With Poverty and Age confronting us each
day,

All men would gladly
Do their share
To help the world;
And even then
Their burdens would be light to bear,
Their hours of toil less long,
Their work less fierce than now,
When competition,
Want, and the master,
Drives them on,
And on, and on, and on,
Till life means numbing toil,
And rest is found
Only in the grave.

The world moves on in spite of Pelf,
In spite of all this struggle here for Self,
In spite of competition,
In spite of the fact
That millions strong
Are compelled
To sacrifice their lives
To mere existence.
And so,
A thousand Miltons,
In the great, great past,
May have died unborn;
A hundred Shakespeares
May have fallen by the way;

Ten million embryo seekers after truth
May have had to labor
Day after day
To keep the gaunt wolf
From their doors—
Thus holding back
The progress of the world.
And still you say
The only way
To rise
Is through
Selfish ambition,
Want and competition;
Motives sordid three,
That make today
The great world's Trinity—
its triune God;
The Devil's three,
I say.
They are the cause
Of nearly every crime,
In spite of all
Our multitudinous laws;
And selfishness
They've bred
Ten thousand years
Until we see Humanity
Almost inhuman.
And then we blame our God,
Or Natures,
Said to be perverse;
Maligned they are,
Because they have been
Thus perverted.

There are, I hold,
Ambitions higher,
In the human breast divine,
Than seeking name, or gold, or power;
Higher than those compelled
By competition or necessity,
Though they oft spur us on.
Without the struggle for existence
Men would rise
To acts and ideals higher,
And they would have
The strength and time
To do so.
Remove necessity
And give to all
A life of moderate work,
End man's excessive toil,
And break the chains
That drag the millions down
And press them to the soil,
And you will see
The world grow wise,
And men approximate the Gods;
And all will help,
Each his share,
According to his power,
To elevate the human race.
Few then will lag behind
To pull the uplifting workers down;
Nations will rise,
But not to fall,
No cowed,
Overworked,
Discontented class,

Comprising the great multitude,
Will then exist;
And degeneracy
Will disappear,
And humanity will rise,
As light as air,
To heights
That only angels dare.

Then let us lead the van
Of this great cause
To get mankind
Into harmony
With higher laws
Than our wicked,
Ignorant, selfish ones—
Born of the barbaric past,
That Wisdom tells us
Should no longer last—
That man may rise,
That Peace may come
To earth again,
That ALL may win the prize:
A life content,
And happiness;
Amen, amen.

THE POOR YE HAVE WITH YE ALWAYS.

Yes, the poor ye have with ye always. Why?
Is it because the rich man's table groans
With products of the waters, earth and sky,
While at his gate the starving Lazarus moans?

No! No! That is but the effect; the cause
Lies deeper hidden from the human eye,
In old, barbaric, man-created laws,
That men might change if men would only
try.

Blame not your God, or Human Nature, prone
To take things as they are and think them
right;
The fault is with our selfish selves alone,
Who do not use our brains to seek the light.

Our Mother Earth is bountiful at call,
Dame Nature well has done her generous part,
The selfishness of man has spoiled it all,
Monopolizing lands and wealth and art.

Belshazzar's feast, handwriting on the wall,
Prototype of many a rout of late,

Would indicate our Nation's coming fall;
Reform we must, or such will be our fate.

Arise then from a self-inflicted gloom,
For those who seek shall surely find at last
The way to end man's man-created doom
And right all wrongs and errors of the past.

Lift from the shoulders of the weary-worn,
From slaves for wage, the burdens life impose,
From human brow remove the crown of thorn,
Then Love shall rule, earth blossom as the
 rose.

It can be done, will surely come about;
To point the way, a prophet yet will rise;
Bar not the road with ignorance and doubt,
But help the world regain lost Paradise.

Our militant unrest grave dangers breed;
Must Furies rage and Death ride wide afar,
To right the wrongs of ignorance and greed
In internecine strife and cruel war?

Or would it not be better far for men
If Reason could a better way devise;
Millennium of prophecy might then
Ensue on earth, enabling man to rise.

The jewels of a great and gracious queen,
The efforts of an earnest man of God,

Combined to find a New World then unseen,
Where Liberty might grow on virgin sod,

To thus raise up a nation strong and great
To lead the van in coming contest grand,
That quickly will all men emancipate
From servitude for wage throughout the land.

And now another New World is to be
Discovered by our men and women great;
THE WHOLE WORLD NEW, 'twill be; and
Free
From reign of graft and self and hate.

In this New World ther'll be no poverty,
All those who work will get what's just and
right;
The time has come to strike wage-shackles
free
And give each man the product of his might.

As did the great Queen Isabel of Spain,
If you have heart and soul as great as she,
This coming New World you may help to gain,
The movement aid to make all peoples free.

Then every man will his own burden bear,
None more shall live on sweat and blood of
wage,
To all, the earth will then be just and fair,
We then will have another Golden Age.

COME, BROTHERS, LET US SEE.

Come, Brothers, let us see
If in some way
We cannot get together
And end our drudgery
By seeking something better
Than working on some "Job" for another,
That Wealth may profits rear,
Build mansions high in air,
On blood and toil and wear
Of present wage-slave bondage.

You have heard the story,
Of how the Rochdale weavers,
With their pennies saved by sorely scrimping,
Built their mammoth store,
Earned ships and wealth galore,
And homes for thousands more—
The product of their earnest combination.

There is a way to end
Present bad conditions;
Your dollars and your dimes can ope' the door
To workshops of your own;

You, then, can cease to groan,
Or bitter fate bemoan;
A work-slave for the Wealthy be no more.

There is a plan devised
To break the clogging chains
That bind the toiling workman to some Job;
Your mite and sympathy
Will help yourselves to free;
You then can happy be
When predatory wealth no more can rob.

God's mighty water power,
The great Niagara's roar,
Calls loudly to you: "Rise and use My might
To lift your heavy load
Along Life's tollsome road,
Where thorns are thickly sowed,
Where Wealth and Wrong and Hate now
rule, not Right."

Come, Brothers, you are strong;
A million workers true
Can harness up this mighty Nature power;
It then will work for you,
The world be made anew,
Your troubles will grow few,
And happiness be with you every hour.

Salvation is not free;
Some effort there must be;
Help yourselves like men, then will God help
you.

Strike toiler's chains away,
Make labor light as play,
Four hours a working day;
All men will then have time to live and do.

Now, Brothers; don't you see
It's up to you to say
If you will struggle on,
Day after day,
Or end it, once for all?
Oh listen to the call
That comes with hope and power
To lift the Crown of Thorn
From off your brow,
And end the darkling night
With the coming radiant light
Of a brighter, better morn.

THE MAN WITH THE PACK.

I am not the man with the hoe,
Back bent with stooping low,
Working the field all day,
Stopping only to pray
When the Angelus rings
The knell of the parting day.

But I also bend my back,
Straining under a pack,
Mushing the trail all day.
O'er tundra, muck and clay,
Till Nature rebels
And ends my wearisome way.

The man with the hoe can pray;
It's not the Gold-Seeker's way;
His toil and working day,
Fierce and longer always
Than grubbing with hoe,
But with Hope and prospect of "pay."

No hope has the man with the hoe,
With brow crumpled and low,
Delving for sodden life,
Like forebears centuries so,
Till he is the last
Of a race grown clodden and slow.

The man with a pick and a pack
Leads, too, the life of a hack,
Working for ideals low,
That go with the lure and glow
Of the yellow dross
That makes of most lives a loss.

Each "civilized" man has a pack,
That he carries upon his back,
From youth 'til Death says: "Go,"
Filled with the struggle and blow
Of a life of strife,
In a world that is sordid, we know.

No life is sublime
In any clime
Where "existence" means SELF and strife;
Let all welcome the day
When REASON shall find
And hasten a BETTER WAY.

TODAY—THE STRUGGLE AND THE WARNING.

The ever-prowling wolf of poverty
Now threatens nearly every Human's door,
Hunger and Want, its kindred sisters dread,
The workers of the world, are harrowing
 more and more,
While sordid Wealth, with ever-present flaunt,
Adds fuel to the flames that fiercely burn
On the heart-hearthstones of men weak and
 gaunt,
Till men can stand the strain no more;
And then,
Must the end come through civil strife and
 war?

Hope and Despair are strggling with our race;
Selfishness grows huge, till men must die;
And "How to live," the problem now is fierce;
And "Why we live," no one can answer why—
The struggle is so long, so full of wrong,
So full of uncertainty of work and place;
The anguished, suffering soul cries out aloud
In his despair: "Oh God! how long, how long?

No joy in life, no hope in death; work on,
work on;"

Then suffering mute, he plods along, dumb
driven brute,

He merely lives to labor for the strong.

Listen, ye wearers of the purple-gold,
Hope ye to gain by stiffling Labor's cry,
Hope ye to live in wanton luxury,
While myriad brothers struggle but to die?
Past bloody scenes in France, a hundred
years ago,

Should warn you what the coming Hell will be
When man-made devils on this earth below
Shall slip the leash of law for Anarchy,
And break restraining chains and iron bar
That bind their bodies to Wealth's Jugger car,
To leap to bomb and knife and flame and war,
To sate revenge with horrid horrors dread—
Then Anarchy will reign and Liberty be dead.

Listen, again, self-satisfied, self-centered ones,
Who close your eyes to Poverty's despair,
Listen and heed the warning of the times,
And seek some remedy that's just and fair.
Bless'd (or curs'd) with wealth, as you may be
Make it a blessing unto all on earth
By using it to bring a new and better birth
To God's long-suffering humanity;
Use it to lighten Labor's grievous load;
Use it to elevate mankind, to lead the blind
To God's new light—to heaven on earth;
Then you will blessed be, no longer curs'd.

CHAOS.

(That may come, if our proposed reform
does not materialize.)

There's room at the top,
But most are unfit,
The product
Of unfitting
Civilization;
They constitute
The mass,
They are
The toiling class,
Who, unpraised,
Do their part
Of the great world's work,
Tending fields of grain,
Fighting for their flag,
Working mine or mill,
Or sailing on the main.

Then should their lives be curs'd
From the hour of birth
Till Death,
Kind Death,
Shall set them free?

Must they, like Atlas old,
On their shoulders ever bear
The whole world crass,
The idlers and the bores,
And the non-producing class
That fill our offices and stores?

Do you expect them
To remain
Impassive evermore
As they have been
Heretofore?
The day will come,
Is coming fast,
When they will seek their goal;
In blood the earth will roll,
If to the clash of arms,
The arbitrament of the sword,
They're forced at last.

And many a funeral bell
Will toll the knell
Of some commercial viking bold,
In coming days of Hell,
When shrieking through the air
Grim Death shall fly,
Scattering dynamite
Everywhere,
Seeking the shining mark of gold;
No pity then
For mortals in despair.

Cities, great,
Will perish in the shock,
And mangled mortals
Shriek in pain,
Vast flames leap up,
Like fires from Hell,
To wipe out bad and good as well;
And human life,
In streams of blood,
Will sweep from earth
As in the Flood.

Then Liberty has fled,
And Retrogression swift
Will take her stead;
No nation that goes down
E'er rises from the dead.

Later,
Ten thousand years;
Maorian savant,
On the Pallsades,
O'erlooks the heaps and mounds,
And wonders who and what were they
That had so wrought
In past decades.
There, he can see the ruins,
Covering all the land that bounds
The shores of New York Bay,
Where still there live
A degenerate few,

Fishing from their light canoe,
Or hunting for their food.

Ignorant of the past,
They live to nature near,
And happier are, by far,
Than were o'ertolling men
That once were there
But ne'er will be again.

EACH ONE'S DUTY.

Death comes to us all in time;
Then, ere we die,
Is it not well that we try
To help uplift the world—
And make it better
For our having been alive?

Wickedness is growing now
To that fierce stage,
Mythology tells us occurred,
After the Golden Age;
Shall we let it riot run,
Or end its evils, every one?

With voice, or wealth, or pen,
No one so poor is,
That he cannot help, some way,
To bring Happiness to earth again.

THE APPEAL.

In Judea's wilds there cried a living voice;
"Repent; of Heaven, the kingdom is at hand;
The time is ripe for mankind to rejoice,
Messiah comes—a Saviour of the land."

And now again we're steep'd in self and sin,
Another forward movement must be made,
Watch for the Call, for action to begin;
It asks of you attention, thought and aid.

OH MAN OF WEALTH; you long have lived
the pace,
Have risen on the blood and toil of men;
In striving after gold and power and place,
'Tis said you've lost all hope of gaining
heav'n.

You can redeem the past by helping men,
In mankind's coming struggle, wrongs to right;
Then White-Winged Peace will come to earth
again
And Chaos will be frightened into flight.

How better can you use your yellow gold,
What greater good can it do here on earth
Than bringing blessings to the world, untold,
By giving man a new and greater birth?

OH PREACHERS, do you think you do the
good

That you could do, if you would seek and find
Some way to solve life's struggle after food
For those who labor, body, soul and mind?

If you are moral leaders of mankind
High duty calls, that you should seek the way,
The wisdom and the light, that you may find
The truth—to lead the vanguard of today.

The living question is not one of creed,
The time to act, as well as preach, has come;
The contest is a vital one with greed;
Fight for the right, or be forever dumb.

OH WORKMEN OF THE WORLD, it calls to
you;

Doubt not, but rally loyal to your cause,
That comes with offers novel, strange and new,
To rectify our vicious human laws.

When under dispensation new, each man
Is financed into working for himself,
Then commerce and productive labor can
Control, and will, for mankind's good, not self.

No more shall Capital employ, for wage,
The human slave, to profit by his toil;
Then shorter hours of weary work shall gauge
Man's time for business, factory, mine or soil.

OH WOMAN, full of love divine and grace,
In every city, village, town and vale,
Can you not see, of life and health, the waste,
When everywhere you hear a human wail?

Rise, and for Progress play a nobler part,
As did the great Queen Isabel of Spain,
Who pledged her jewels, dear to woman's
heart,
That a New World, the human race might gain.

The time has come, you soon will hear the
call,
For overthrow of Greed and Wrong and Wage;
Your voice and aid can greatly haste their
fall,
And bring to earth another Golden Age.

THEN LISTEN ALL, for great Niagara's roar;
It yet will help man's heavy burdens bear;
From farthest North to Gulf, from shore to
shore,
Its mighty force will lighten Labor's care.

Its perfect power converted into wealth
Will educate and finance working men;
Co-operating, each may work for self,
Securing wage and all the profits then.

When educated, shall all Labor be,
When financed it can work for man alone,
Upon this earth Millennium you will see,
And every man his life and soul will own.

The long, long war of Labor then will cease,
The man of wealth his profits may retain,
For Rich and Poor there will be lasting peace,
And men once more in Paradise will reign.

Though sordid Wealth, what now it has, may
hold,
It never more can fatten upon wage;
No Poor, or Millionaires, with wealth untold,
Created, can be, in our Golden Age.

The Call has come; the Remedy for wrong,
For all the social ills of mortal man,
Will seeking, pleading, come to you ere long;
Doubt not, but think, and aid it all you can.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

If God has given you wealth,
Was it not for some better purpose
Than wasting it on yourself?
The day has come,
The very hour,
When
To lift Humanity
Out of the depths
May be wholly within **YOUR** power.

Reach then, Prometheus like, to heaven,
Your gold can lift you up,
Snatch thence the light
To see the wrongs of men,
To set them right;
And thus your paltry gold
Will blessings bring untold
To all mankind,
And fill your immortal soul
With joy refined.

How better can you use your gold
Than helping with it men to free
From bondage of wage slavery;
Lift from the many weary wives

Their never-ending load of drudgery,
And bring immortal sunshine
To eighty million lives.

God grant you have the gold,
And with it power divine to see
How you can use it bold
To lift and bless humanity,
From now, through all eternity;
How better can you use your gold?

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

If the widow's mite
Helped to establish
Christianity,
May it not be
That your cents can free
Men from their chains
And misery?
A hundred thousand
Earnest men
Can bring back Paradise
To earth again.

May it be
To the poor alone
Our great cause
Must look for sympathy,
And for the means
To end
The rule of Mammon
And iniquity?

'Twas to the fishermen of Gallilee
That Christ appealed,
Not to the Pharisee,
And not in vain.
The great cause of Christianity
Has ever been
Supported by
The cheerful mites of poverty.
And so,
With any great cause,
Must it be,
To the end?

**WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO HELP SO
GREAT A CAUSE!**

Pause, heed on every side the poverty
That daily wracks the world with agony;
And note the growing wrong and wickedness
That leads us on to Anarchy's abyss.

To end this reign of cruel wrong on earth,
To give to man a new and better birth,
Would you not like to change vile man-made
laws.
Would you not like to aid our glorious cause?

Would you not like to save the human race
From evils that are coming on apace?
Then raise your hand to heaven in holy vow,
To help so great a cause, and do it now.

Then when for you the present world is o'er,
When all is done, and you can do no more,
Will not your soul rest evermore content,
That, for Humanity, your aid was lent.

DISCONTENT.

Why complain?
What's the use,
If you do not try
To help yourself?
Better die
Than waste your life in vain repining.

But better still,
With a will,
Take hold
And lift your load;
Help yourself
And your fellow men
To end the wrongs
Of selfishness and greed,
Born of errors and of creed,
And bring to those, who need,
The blessings
Of a happier life.
A heaven on earth
Lies easily
Within your reach
If you will only strive,
And help somewhat,
To lift the load.

Let's make the try
To aid the world to see
Its errors;
And then apply
The Remedy.

Will you not join the band
Of workers wronged,
And lend a hand
To lead the way
From darkness
To the light of day?
The world is yours,
At your command;
Uplift your eyes
And see the way.

At men's demand
The earth will give,
To all who live,
Abundant products of the land,
And happiness
To one and all.
Then listen, eager,
To the call,
And help,
Your share,
The burden bear,
To right the wrongs
That fill so many
With despair.

No great sacrifice
Is asked of anyone.
By combination strong
The many,
Easily,
Can lead the way
To right all wrong.
It will not pay
To longer
Work like slaves,
Like cattle dumb,
When you can cast away
Your burdens, every one,
And live like Gods.
Then gird your armor on
And do your share;
Bid wrong begone,
And be a soldier strong
In the great
And coming contest grand
That soon will sweep
From sea to sea,
To rid the land
Of all iniquity,
And make each man
A man.

God's discontent,
Implanted in the human breast,
Will spur us on,
To do what must be done
Ere Paradise
Upon this mundane sphere

Can be regained.
Oh blessed then be Discontent.
Through it, we'll see
From heaven descend
On overworked
Humanity
The coming end
Of strenuous,
Crushing toil,
That drags men down
From angel heights
To clods and soil.
Oh, welcome then the day
When Discontent
Shall prod us on,
Shall lead the way
To heaven on earth,
To never end;
Amen.

EPILOG.

Of what good is **Discontent**, if it does not lead us to seek and attain better conditions?

In our Preface we outlined a plan that if put into effect will revolutionize our present "uncivilization," and do it quickly, peacefully and without disturbing the individual in his present power to make a living, (if he is making one), or to get on, (if he is getting on.) No risks, therefore, would be involved in an effort to test our propositions; not half the risk there is in your present occupation, of losing it, or its past, present or future earnings, that you may be depending upon for your old age. And the Class-War, bloody and terrible, if it comes, that is sometimes predicted, (that will come, sooner or later, if not averted), will be wholly avoided.

If tested, and our plan succeeds, (as it will), the condition of every man, woman and child in our country would be improved; and humanity would be uplifted. Everyone would have opportunity open-doored to him; and he would be qualified and educated to make the most of it. Under our proposed new sys-

tem, each worker will get all the reward or product of his effort, dividing it with no capitalist or machine owner.

Your children too, would have an assured and a bright and happy future before them, wherein they could be human beings, and not, as now, selfish beasts, to be driven by the necessities of existence to daily excessive tasks. And child-labor would be abolished.

All the ever-present terrors and uncertainties of existence, for so many, would pass away. Life and happiness would no longer depend upon obtaining or retaining some uncertain job. Old age would cease to be a nightmare of threatening want and suffering that, for some, under present conditions, can only be avoided by suicide.

Would you not like to see this peaceful and beneficent revolution brought about?—

For your own sake,
For your children's sake,
For Humanity's sake.

Would it not be a glorious change?

Are you a human being? Are you not enough of a human being to want to help this movement so that it can be tested—so that it may have a chance to be realized.

In its initiation everyone can help; for more than all else **PUBLICITY** is needed; we want it talked about, and you can help us in this way. If you are willing to help, in any

way, send us your name and address on a postal and do it now, and let us get into communication with you, for a great and good cause. It will not take a very large number of persons to start the ball rolling, to initiate a movement that will have the power to grow and finally achieve success; and so bring to earth again another Golden Age, for all.

ARE OUR PROPOSITIONS PRACTICAL?

Most persons will say they are Utopian, Visionary, Impossible.

Are they?

About 12,000 years ago, shortly before the Biblical Deluge, there was an age of great happiness in the world, abundant plenty and a wonderful civilization. The vestiges of this culture are found in great public works, in the invention and development of writing, government, arts and agriculture. It was the original Mother of all subsequent civilizations. Its former existence is now obscured by past catastrophes and the mists of millenniums; but tradition and its monuments tell us enough to indicate its long-ago existence, achievements and grandeur. It was the Golden Age of mythology, the Garden of Eden of our Bible.

It was PRACTICAL, judged by its achievements. And by the same test it must have existed for millenniums—to have accomplished what it did. It was finally side-tracked by the development of selfishness and the

individual parceling out of lands and property. And with its downfall came wickedness, crime and all the ills that then and now afflict us and make this beautiful world of ours a present Hell for so many; when it should be such for no one. Then there came a great series of catastrophes to the earth—the Punishment of the Gods, the Ancients thought—and among them the Glacial Period and the Deluge.* And the memory of this great civilization almost passed out of mind with the nearly total extinction of mankind.

The highest and most practical form of civilization is the unselfish one. And with our developed brains and increased capacities for reasoning we should be able to realize this and rise once more to the high intellectual plane of our far-back ancestors. We would then achieve a civilization even more glorious than theirs—for we would be aided, in our day, by an advanced intelligence, by water powers, electricity and other great forces of nature, developed and being developed by modern science and discovery.

* * * * *

And still later, within the historic period, there existed a similar civilization, similarly successful. It was in Peru, at the time of its conquest by the "Christian" robber-raiders of Pizarro. Peru was then a great and growing

*Described, for the first time, in a little pamphlet, entitled "The Glacial Period and the Deluge," published by Aragain Publishing Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; price 25 cents.

nation. It was not effete. It was successful and highly organized. Though wealthy, it had no money and nothing to take money's place—no medium of exchange. But all its citizens had plenty, were prosperous, happy, contented. No wolf lingered about their doors and the specter of want in old age never troubled them. Can as much be said for our own vaunted Twentieth Century civilization? So light-hearted and happy were the Peruvians of that day that the Spaniards complained of them for singing and dancing so much and so far into the night that it disturbed their slumbers. Of them, the historian Prescott has written: "The territory was cultivated wholly by the people. The lands belonging to the Sun, (their church), were first attended to. They next tilled the lands of the old, of the sick, of the widow and the orphan, and of soldiers engaged in actual service; in short, of all that part of the community who from bodily infirmity or any other cause, were unable to attend to their own concerns. The people were then allowed to work their own ground, each man for himself but with the general obligation to assist his neighbor when any circumstance—the burden of a young and numerous family, for example—might demand it. Lastly, they cultivated the lands of the Inca. This was done, with great ceremony, by the whole population in a body. At break of day they were summoned together by proclamation from some neighboring tower or eminence, and all the inhabitants of the district, men, wom-

en and children, appeared dressed in their gayest apparel, bedecked with their little store of finery and ornaments, as if for some great jubilee. They went through the labors of the day in the same joyous spirit, chanting their popular ballads which commemorated the heroic deeds of the Incas, regulating their movements by the measure of the chant, and all mingling in the chorus, of which the word hailli, or 'triumph' was usually the burden."

What a picture! How does it compare with that of our own selfish civilization of today, wherein each one is for himself, with little or no thought for the old, unfortunate or sick? And to think of helping a man with a large family! And the Widow and the Orphan! If they are not robbed, under our system, they are lucky. To be sure, such a civilization as this old Peruvian one would not be suited to the requirements of the people of our day and generation; but the underlying principles were there, on right lines, and upon them a civilization suited to our times can be easily constructed.

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And Athens, in her golden age of art, culture and achievement, had a similar form of government; and it too was very successful.

If such civilizations were practical in the past, may not such a one be so again? The earth produces enough for all, or easily can do so. Machinery can lighten the labors of mankind. Water powers and other forces of

Nature, including electricity, can aid us. Life now, on this planet, should be easy, happy and full of content. BUT IT IS NOT.

There is no necessity for any "Struggle for Existence."

It is the sick child that cries. We are sick.

Our errors and bad laws, born of ignorance, maintained by selfishness, are the cause of all our troubles. We are on a wrong basis. The corner stone of our present civilization is SELFISHNESS. It is barbaric, unintelligent. Let us renounce it and get upon right principles, into an environment wherein existence will be possible without the cultivation or exercise of excessive selfishness and all base qualities. Why cultivate the weeds and tares of the garden of our life?

In a proper environment, men could and would become generous and noble; higher ideals could and would develop; and men would see the folly of all this struggle and contention to live one off another—the folly and waste of the whole competitive system.

Through our town method, Selfishness is to lead the way. Our worst but strongest instinct is to be utilized to lift us out of the mud and mire of our present lives, to demonstrate to us that a less selfish, more God-like existence is both practical and desirable. The lever to lift us out of the rut of our selfishness is to be our Selfishness. But those of

us who are able and willing to help must be at the working end of the lever—lifting.

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The first of created vertebrates was the fish. Its brain was correspondingly small, rudimentary. Man is Nature's latest creation, with a wonderful brain. And yet, in principle, our civilization is that of the fish; the big fish preying upon the little ones. We are cannibals, living upon the life-labor and very existence of our brothers—if not upon their flesh and blood.

Should we continue to be cannibals? Would it not be better to use our brains to lift ourselves out of the rut of our present so-called "civilization"? What are our brains for? And our money, (if we have any), should it not be utilized, at least a part of it, for so great a cause, for the redemption of Humanity?

If a higher, nobler, more practical civilization existed 12,000 years ago and then 2,400 and 370 years ago, may it not be that such a one, or a similar one, such as we propose, may be practical now—and a thousand times more satisfying than our present sordid, selfish, degrading, unsatisfactory one of today?

Only 130 years ago it was said, and by most of the world believed, that a republican form of government was not practical—because in the past this form of organization had failed. But our experiment has proven the contrary.

The United States has succeeded and is as stable a government as any now in existence. So the former failures of the ideal civilizations that we have mentioned are no indication that such a one as we now propose would not be practical. And with our advanced intelligence it should last forever.

Don't be a Doubting Thomas.

No Doubting Thomas ever built a railroad, invented a telegraph, a telephone or a thrashing machine. It is true that many failures lie scattered along the world's highway of progress. Yet one great uplifting success, benefiting humanity forever, justifies and HAL-LOWS many failures. Christ's doctrines were Utopian, Idealistic and radical in the extreme, in his day of paganism and force. Yet they succeeded and have helped to make us somewhat human.

The world has been going forward for several thousand years. May it not be ripe now and ready for our proposed revolutionary reform? And may you not be wrong if you think it cannot succeed? Give it a chance, a trial. It will do no harm to try it. St. Paul said: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

If our plan is to be tested now, it may need your assistance—that is, at the start. The great strong statesman who dominates a nation was once a child in arms, needing help—to live. So with our movement; in its infancy

it needs your support. Thereafter it will help you and yours and all mankind forever. Will YOU help it now?

Have our Songs of Discontent been written in vain?

Send us your name and address and tell us what you think of our propositions—and that you will help all you can, even if you have no faith. The experiment is worth while, merely as an experiment. It will not fail.

Do it now. Tomorrow never comes to the put-off writer on a subject such as ours. Good intentions die young, if not promptly exercised. Join our "Do Something Club" and do it now.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

Aragain Publishing Co.,

Ft. Madison, Iowa.

Gentlemen: I am interested in your proposed Movement for the betterment of the World and Humanity and would like to join your "DO SOMETHING CLUB," in which there are no fees or dues—only "do-s." I will DO SOMETHING for the cause.

My name is

My address is:

No. Street

Town or City

State

THEY ARE FREE.

How many of the above Application blanks in the form of Postals would you like for your friends, to secure new members with?

Answer here: Postals wanted.

I will hand every one of them to interested friends, or to those who are likely to be interested—one to each; and I will try to interest them.

Name



